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# BEAR WITH US

## *A Collection of Tavern Club Verses*

Meum est propositum in taberna mori  
Et vinum appositum sitienti ori  
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori  
Deus sit propitius isti potatori



ANNO T. C. XXI

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# CONTENTS

|                                                      |    |
|------------------------------------------------------|----|
| NOTE                                                 | v  |
| The Bear and the Bowl, 1885                          |    |
| HENRY STRONG DURAND                                  | 1  |
| To my Brother: Salvini Dinner, 1889                  |    |
| Translated: THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN                  | 4  |
| Bear Song in <i>Antigone</i> , 1890                  |    |
| ARLO BATES                                           | 5  |
| To W. H. Kendal, 1891                                |    |
| THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN                              | 7  |
| Prologue: <i>The Maid's Tragedy</i> , 1892           |    |
| BARRETT WENDELL                                      | 9  |
| Epilogue: <i>A Night in Seville</i> , 1896           |    |
| THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN                              | 11 |
| Prospect: Notice of Christmas Sports, 1897           |    |
| HERBERT PUTNAM                                       | 12 |
| A Toast                                              |    |
| ROBERT GRANT                                         | 15 |
| The 'Prentices' Song: <i>The Prodigal Son</i> , 1898 |    |
| GEORGE PIERCE BAKER                                  | 18 |
| Prologue: <i>The Double Marriage</i> , 1900          |    |
| ARLO BATES                                           | 20 |
| Verses at Dinner to Mark Twain, 1901                 |    |
| M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE                                   | 22 |
| Song: "Lawyers' Night," 1902                         |    |
| WINTHROP AMES                                        | 24 |
| Lines on the Playing of <i>Mercedes</i> , 1903       |    |
| ARLO BATES                                           | 25 |

|                                                                  |                            |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| To B. P.: A "Hellion" Verse, 1903                                |                            |
|                                                                  | M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE 30      |
| Song by "Musicus," Prize Competition, 1903                       |                            |
|                                                                  | THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN 31 |
| The Musketeers, 1903                                             |                            |
|                                                                  | ROBERT GRANT 33            |
| Glitha's Song: <i>The Vanished Bride</i> , 1903                  |                            |
|                                                                  | HENRY COPLEY GREENE 35     |
| To Owen Wister: A "Hellion" Verse, 1904                          |                            |
|                                                                  | FRANCIS SHAW STURGIS 37    |
| On Staging a Play by B. W.: A "Hellion"                          |                            |
| Verse, 1904                                                      | FRANCIS SHAW STURGIS 38    |
| To the Taverners, with a Present of Champagne,                   |                            |
| 1904                                                             | OWEN WISTER 39             |
| Lines at Dinner to Cameron Forbes, 1904                          |                            |
|                                                                  | ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER 40    |
| Lines at Dinner to Cameron Forbes, 1904                          |                            |
|                                                                  | M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE 42      |
| Sonnet: Twentieth Anniversary, 1904                              |                            |
|                                                                  | ARLO BATES 44              |
| Verses at Twentieth Anniversary Dinner, 1904                     |                            |
|                                                                  | ROBERT GRANT 45            |
| The Presidential Range: Song, Twentieth Anniversary dinner, 1904 | M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE 49      |
| Epilogue: Christmas play, 1904                                   |                            |
|                                                                  | M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE 51      |
| Valentine: "Let the Hills be joyful together," 1905              |                            |
|                                                                  | THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN 53 |
| Valentine: to P. T., 1905                                        |                            |
|                                                                  | ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER 55    |
| To Booker Washington, 1905                                       |                            |
|                                                                  | LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS 56 |

## NOTE

From the occasional verse read or recited by members of the Tavern Club at its meetings, these selections have been compiled. Some of the earlier manuscripts unfortunately are lost. The present examples of those that remain are privately printed to mark the twenty-first anniversary of the Club, as well as to insure their preservation and to furnish a pleasant reminder of the past.

The compilation does not include the well-remembered work contributed at various times by club-guests.

December 1, 1905.



## THE BEAR AND THE BOWL

Read at the Dedication of the Bowl — 1885

I RISE in honor of the Bowl;  
The Bowl itself, not that within it;  
I sing the body, not the soul,  
And how a Bear did first begin it.

How Doctor Tilden, filled with zeal,<sup>1</sup>  
To buy that bear a fund collected,  
Nor hearkened to the sad appeal  
Of certain men who quite objected.

. . . . .  
But we were loath to lose our pet  
As lawyers are to lose a client;  
And vowing we should have it yet,  
The Doctor bargained with the Giant.<sup>2</sup>

The following footnotes were prepared for the rereading of these verses at the Twentieth Anniversary Dinner, November 11, 1904.

<sup>1</sup> The above is a true history. Dr. Tilden's fund for the purchase of the Bear was diverted and used for the purchase of the Bowl.

<sup>2</sup> The Giant was the proprietor (and one of the curiosities as well) of the dime museum in which the bear was seen and coveted.

## 2 THE BEAR AND THE BOWL

Ah! when again upon this Club  
Shall dawn an idea half so witty  
As purchasing an ursine cub!  
But that Executive Committee

Which rules all things pertaining to  
Such ideas, be they ne'er so clever,  
Which sits on things proposed to do,  
They sat upon that scheme forever.

Still, Gentlemen, to our relief  
From that young b'ar we find we're owing  
The bas-relief, which is the chief  
Adornment to this punch-bowl glowing.

The bowl itself — but here I pause.  
I do not dare thus single-handed  
To touch that subject deep, because  
It needs a strong force, well commanded,

To well discuss it as it stands  
Filled full with Pitcher's<sup>3</sup> strong potation;  
I can but stretch forth both my hands  
And make this solemn invocation:

<sup>3</sup> Pitcher was a noted publican and brewer of punch in the good town of Boston in the last century.

THE BEAR AND THE BOWL 3

Oh! work of art to cheer the heart!

Oh! Punch-Bowl most phenomenal!

Whene'er your contents glide adown the Tavern  
Club's œsophagus

May it feel a presence rising

From the cavity abdominal,

As though King Cole in spirit stole from out that  
dark sarcophagus!

HENRY STRONG DURAND.

## TO MY BROTHER

From the Italian of Federico Calamati; for the dinner to  
Salvini, November 14, 1889.

TORQUATO, all in vain your love demands  
A labored tribute at an exile's hands,  
To him whose gentle presence oversways  
The prostrate soul, and stills the note of praise.  
Salvini! Glory of the art that blends  
All arts in one, and makes all nations friends!  
Nor lip, nor hand, nor trembling pen of mine  
Shall speak for him, whose speech is half divine;  
Demand for that a more than mortal strain;  
Bring Alfieri back to life again!

*Translated by* THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN.

## BEAR SONG IN "ANTIGONE"

APRIL 1, 1890.

Air: — "*Vive l'Amour.*"

LET every good Taverner fill up his mug;

Vive la compagnie!

We'll drink to our bear with a gluggity-glug;

Vive la compagnie!

We'll lustily shout for the jolly brown bear,

We'll drink to him deep as we drink to the fair,

For under his flag can be no care;

Vive la compagnie!

CHORUS: Vive la bear, vive la bear!

Vive la, vive la, vive la bear!

Joy we share; down with care!

Vive la compagnie!

There's many a tavern and many a bear;

Vive la compagnie!

None of them all with our own may compare;

Vive la compagnie!

So sharp with his ears, so quick with his jaw;

6 BEAR SONG IN "ANTIGONE"

So strong in his stomach, so ready with paw;  
As clear in his head as a judge in the law;

Vive la compagnie!

CHORUS.

Then every good Taverner fill up his glass;

Vive la compagnie!

And deep will we drink as we let the toast pass;

Vive la compagnie!

We'll lustily shout for our jolly brown bear,

And drink to him deep as we drink to the fair,

Good comrades together with never a care;

Vive la compagnie!

CHORUS.

ARLO BATES.

## TO W. H. KENDAL

From the Tavern Club, February 28, 1891.

WHEN, before the cauldron's flame,  
Glamis to the witches came,  
And its bubbles boiled away,  
Still the sisters bade him stay;  
Like a show, they brought to pass  
Kings, reflected in a glass.

Through the Tavern, like a show,  
Kings have come, and kings will go;  
Loftiest of art's lineage,  
Hero, poet, seer, and sage;  
Still, departing from the door,  
Still the glass shows many more.

Lo! to-night our taper shines  
For the art of fleeting lines;  
Of our guest the vanished trace  
Only memory can replace.  
By what spell, when he departs,  
Shall his image fill our hearts?

How shall we this presence hold  
In the days when we are old?

Which of all his titles won  
Philamir, Pygmalion?  
Trevor, Crichton, Ira Lee,  
All he was, or is to be?  
Which of these, when each is best,  
Best befits the regal guest?

Ah! the best that art reveals  
Time, the thief, remorseless steals!  
Something dearer than his fame  
To the Tavern with him came;  
In the Tavern, to the end,  
Call him comrade, kinsman, friend.

Friend, may all our hearts can do  
Bind us closer still to you!  
If, in Life's upsurging track,  
Wave on wave shall bring you back,  
Through the Tavern, like a show,  
Kings may come, and kings may go!

So shall we this presence hold  
In the days when we are old!

THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN.

## PROLOGUE

Made for the performance of the "Maid's Tragedy" at the  
Tavern Club, March 4, 1892.

THE play, good friends, we bring you here to-  
night

You have your parts in too. Ours to rehearse  
What Francis Beaumont wrote us in the days  
When still Westminster lacked him, when he  
lived

Fellow to Shakespeare; what John Fletcher, too,  
Sharing his cloak and heart, so intertwined  
Amid his stronger verse that mortals since  
Name them together. Yours the subtler part:  
For would you know their meaning, who have  
slept —

Save for the drowsy book-worms, — since the  
time

When England still was merry, conscienceless,  
You must forget yourselves; nay, for a while,  
Forget the godly, warring centuries  
Of freedom that have made you what you are.  
The men our poets wrote for be to-night,  
Ready to make in fancy what the craft  
Of stage-wright in these unfantastic days

Must fain make for the vulgar — palaces,  
Worlds, beauty, shadowed in a word or two,  
But here for who will see them. Furthermore,  
You must be men who in the name of King  
Hear no more term of state, but God's deep voice  
Naming his earthly vicar. Prone to sin  
Crowned knaves may be, even as our baser selves;  
But God's anointment makes their trespasses  
Graver than ours, yet safer. His the hand,  
No earthly one, that may chastise the wrongs  
The royal madmen wreak, whirling along  
To their damnation, deeper still than ours,  
When God shall ask them, trembling, how they  
bore

The trust his chrism gave them. Even so  
Amintor, whose sad story you shall hear,  
Held sacred him that wronged him. This the part  
You play to-night, helping us shadow forth  
Such passions as made English folk forget  
Awhile their own vexations, when God's voice  
Still echoed, calling to his glorious ones  
Elizabeth, by grace of God, the Queen!

BARRETT WENDELL.

## EPILOGUE

To "A Night in Seville," December 23, 1896.

FOUR souls are saved, and so our masque is ended,  
With two and two in one another blended!  
And we advance a twelvemonth nearer Heaven,  
When Time unfolds the gates of Ninety-Seven.  
Until that solemn hour let mirth and laughter  
Ring in our ears from every beam and rafter.  
All uncomplaining, let us look with pity  
On our Executive, our House Committee,  
Our doctors, statesmen, shades of Ford and  
Marlowe —

Even our poets, and thank God for Arlo!

THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN.

## PROSPECT

Notice of Christmas Sports, 1897.

TAVERNERS

will please remember  
Twenty-*second* of December  
Is the date the powers that be  
For the Christmas Masque decree.

What the plot I may not tell  
(Programme later on reveals).  
This at least be known: it deals  
With fable, myth, and prophecy, —  
Was, May be, Might, May never be; —  
For it pictures what befell  
When Venus, tired of blowing bellows,  
Planned a lark with some good fellows, —  
Old acquaintance, whom her lord  
Deemed too rakish for his board:  
And Vulcan, frantic, — sure he's sold —  
Is now browbeaten, now cajoled;  
While, 'mid domestic downs and ups,  
Blithe Bacchus carols in his cups,  
And leads Olympus on a racket  
That threatens doom, — but does not crack it.

And yet we would not have you think  
The motifs are but love and drink;  
Know, the bard doth loft his strain, —  
As the revel moves again, —  
Scruples not a Delphic measure  
(Happy Bard! who had the leisure!)  
And careless of the fame to follow,  
Pays his duty to Apollo.

Ye, then, Keepers of the Bear,  
Ye, who are the true Arcturi,  
Pledged to guard his ursine fury, —  
Fail not to assemble there  
Sharp at Seven. Who comes late  
Enters by the area gate.  
(Pray, now, mark how that's explicit, —  
Leaded, so you shall not miss it.)  
Those who would the feast attend  
By Tuesday must their notice send  
That — lacking Hebe — Gan' may get us  
Ample honey — from Hymettus —  
Assure fit service, and lay on  
Copious pipes from — Helicon.  
One more caution, ye elect:  
Mindful that the laws reject  
From this solemn-jocund feast  
All save members, — BRING NO GUEST.  
Lastly (not quite finished yet)

The Christmas Box: Do not forget  
The order is that *all* be merry.

HERBERT PUTNAM,

Secretary.

## A TOAST

Verses read November 22, 1898, in response to the toast of  
"The Ladies," on the occasion of the dinner in honor  
of those who did service in connection with the Hospital  
Ship "Bay State."

You ask me to speak in behalf of the ladies  
Who shone in our bout with the cohorts of Cadiz!  
You ask me to speak on behalf of the nurses,  
And with your permission I'll do it in verses.

"The ladies, God bless them!" the toast never  
varies  
From Alaska's cold snows to the sunny Canaries.  
Man fills up his goblet and drains it while drink-  
ing,  
But the sentiment lies in the thought which he's  
thinking.

Those dear little dolls with their pretty grimaces,  
Their kittenish ways and their delicate faces,  
Are precious to some because dainty and fear-  
ful,  
Adorably helpless and readily tearful.

The housewives with tact, rather plump and good  
looking,  
Nice, amiable souls with a genius for cooking,  
Are popular still with the saint and the sinner, —  
When the Chair cries, “The ladies!” man thinks  
of his dinner.

The daughter of Spain with the night in her hair,  
With the sloe in her eye and an indolent air,  
Entrances her lover who taps at her pane;  
Delicious! But where are the navies of Spain?

That new woman is fair no man needs to be told.  
She has night in her hair, she has tresses of gold;  
But what makes her precious for you and for me  
Is the soul which is in her, the soul which is free.

Which, bursting the fetters of fashion and caste,  
Undeterred by tradition and deaf to the past,  
Seeks a post in the ranks, claims the right to a  
place  
Wherever her presence can succor the race.

Wherever there's room for sweet patience and  
care,  
For love which complains not and courage to  
bear

The stress of life's battle; albeit to tread  
A hospital ship in the wake of the dead.

Humanity calls, and undaunted she stands.  
There is sweat on her brow, there is blood on her  
hands.

Ho! dames with traditions, does this give you  
pain?

Take heed, and remember the navies of Spain!

“The ladies, God bless them!” Long life to the  
toast.

A health to the nurses who served at their post  
In a hospital ship on a hurricane sea  
For the sake of our country, for you and for me.

ROBERT GRANT.

## THE 'PRENTICES' SONG

From "The Prodigal Son" (1598,)  
December 22, 1898.

HERE'S to the youth, the 'prentice lad,  
Keen, clever, ah, but lazy,  
Who quips and quirks, and plays his pranks,  
Till his master is nigh crazy.  
He loves a catch, this 'prentice lad,  
And lustily he sings it;  
Give him a holiday, and see  
How merrily he flings it.  
But when the catchpoles stop his play,  
Ah, best he loves the fighting;  
Come when it will, at morn or night,  
That never gets a slighting.

CHO. Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha,  
Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!

What is the war-cry then, my dears,  
Of these apprentice cubs?  
Softly now! Don't split my ears —  
*All (spoken).* Clubs! Clubs! Ho, this way, clubs!

CHO. Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha,  
Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!

Is it for fun alone he fights?  
Oh, no, the Ordinary  
Oft turns him out aglow with port,  
With sherry, or Canary.  
Then take the wall as you pass by,  
Most courteously yield it,  
Or he will club you to the street —  
For stoutly he can wield it.  
And oh he is a ready knight  
To aid distressed damsels,  
Both high and low, both dark and fair,  
Dutch fraüleins and French mamselles.

CHO. Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha,  
Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!

What are the things, my gentle dears,  
That make him live so long?  
Softly now! Don't shock my ears —  
*All (spoken).* Why, laughter, love, and song!

CHO. Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha,  
Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER.

## PROLOGUE

For "The Double Marriage," April 18, 1900.

WHILE yet the stage spoke to the hearts of men,  
And wrought with deeper passions, nobler deeds,  
John Fletcher made this play. The men who  
heard,

Uncumbered by the craft of later time,  
The tricks mechanic of this clever age  
That smothers art with gewgaws, heard and  
thrilled;

Lived in the actors, pictured every place,  
And bore a part in every mimic scene.  
The magic of the poet's verse for them  
Was like the wand of Prospero, to build  
The fabric of a vision; they were wise,  
Not through the tangible, but through the real;  
Not through the painted scene and sordid fact,  
But through the vision of the inner sight, —  
Imagination's perfect prescience.

To-night be as were they. Listen and look  
With inward ear and eye. Let our poor craft  
Be the suggestion of a gracious dream  
Your minds shall build. 'T is ours only to hint, —

To hint most haltingly, — yet you may know  
The sweet persuasion of a moving truth.  
Your thought shall do the thing we cannot do;  
Your fancy climb to heights our buskins miss;  
And your imagination fill the stage.

Whate'er success attends will be your work;  
Whatever failure no less — yours, not ours.

ARLO BATES.

## VERSES

Read at the Dinner to Mark Twain, January 16, 1901.

FROM Hartford town a Yankee once across the  
ages strayed,  
And sate him down at Arthur's Court to ply his  
Yankee trade.  
And oh! it was a fearsome sight to see those  
Knights of old  
Learn all our little Yankee tricks, and do as they  
were told; —  
Sir Mordred at the telephone, Sir Bedivere first  
base,  
Sir Galahad a bicyclist, breaking his pure young  
face,  
The lasso in a tournament, better than mail and  
spear,  
The weekly journal — half misprints — read by  
Queen Guenevere;  
Merlin himself outwitted — his magic turned to  
dross;  
And over all the Yankee stranger lifted high —  
Sir Boss!

But there is yet another Knight — errant from  
Hartford town.

His Arthur's Court has been the world, for wan-  
dering up and down.

From Calaveras County and the Mississippi  
stream

He has roughed it to the mountains where the  
Alpine sunsets gleam;

Punch, brothers, punch — (but in the ribs) — he  
sings through many a tome,

And tramping much abroad he's left some inno-  
cence at home.

What wonder, then, if he has made a world of  
men his debtors,

For all his lance of wit has wrought at the Came-  
lot of letters!

Full well his accolade is won — his enemies all  
slain;

So let us cry, "Arise, Sir Mark — nay, twice a  
Knight — Mark Twain!"

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

## SONG

Lawyers' Night, February 3, 1902.

EVERY worthy club in Boston  
Has its proper point of pride:  
At the Botolph Sunday Concerts,  
At the Somerset 't is "side;"  
And the graveyard gives the Union  
Its distinctive clammy calm,  
But the Dry Martini Cocktail  
Is the Tavern's special charm!

. . . . . OH!

Take a pinch of pepper,  
Add a gill of ink,  
Half a rubber overshoe;  
Mix 'em in the sink.  
Stew 'em in a saucepan,  
Top 'em off with ale. . . .  
That's the Tavern mixture  
For a Dry Cocktail!

WINTHROP AMES.

## LINES

On the playing of "Mercedes," at the Tavern Club,  
February 24, 1903.

ONCE, walking in the wilderness,  
    I met a maiden fair;  
Wild were her eyes, wild was her mien,  
    Wild was her tangled hair.  
She walked as one distraught by fate,  
    And made her plaintive moan;  
I knew her the Dramatic Muse,  
    Lost, and forgot, and lone.  
I spoke her kind, and would have stayed  
    Her tears' unceasing flow;  
Beside a runnel sat she down,  
    And told me all her woe.  
Her voice had caught the notes of birds,  
    But deepened like the sea,  
As half she spoke and half she sighed  
    Her plaint all bitterly.

"Once all the world was mine to rule,  
    And mankind owned my sway;  
But now dominion have I none;  
    My hests will none obey.

Once, when my mimic world was shown  
All life was dim beside;  
This was the real, this the true,  
This only could abide.  
I showed the stuff the gods have used  
To fashion human life:  
The joy, the anguish, hope, and fear,  
The dreams, the doubt, the strife;  
Wild passion mingled like a cup  
Of honey mixed with gall;  
Human desire with quenchless thirst,  
And death that ends it all.  
The hearts of men were in my hand;  
Their souls throbbed at my will;  
I kindled in their breasts a flame  
Which lights the ages still.

“Such lovers as I had of old  
When Greece was in her prime:  
Euripides with godlike brow,  
Vast Æschylus sublime;  
Rare Sophocles with gift of tears  
More sweet than love’s own smile;  
Keen Aristophanes with wit  
Might e’en the gods beguile.  
But now” —

Her voice broke off in sobs;  
 Then sudden anger flashed  
 From her wet eyes; with scornful hand  
 The crowding tears she dashed;  
 And in a fitful voice, now sad,  
 Now swelling into rage,  
 She poured her words indignant forth,  
 Indicting thus our age:

“But now the stage which once I graced  
 Is your reproach and shame;  
 A place where scurril wantons jest,  
 Or fools all good defame.  
 Where once Apollo’s lyre sung  
 The twanging banjos beat;  
 Where honor triumphed over death  
 ’T is trampled under feet.  
 Where Terence with a skill adroit  
 Wrought shrewd satiric fun,  
 Pinero turns the sewers out  
 To fester in the sun.  
 There Ibsen builds a lazar-house  
 For lepers of the mind;  
 And playwright-panders search the stews  
 Fresh filthiness to find.  
 His golden cup, divinely wrought  
 With jewels sparkling rich,

D'Annunzio fills to its brave brim  
    From hell's obscenest ditch.  
Where once pure maiden figures passed, —  
    Hapless Antigone,  
Cordelia sad, gay Rosalind, —  
    Sappho or Zaza see!  
I hear the silly laughter-spume  
    Indecent jests exploit!  
I laughed with flashing Sheridan, —  
    I weep at Charlie Hoyt.  
Ah, when the gods a race would blast  
    They send Vulgarly,  
The fellest fury known in hell,  
    Its pest and curse to be.  
With jeweled names your history set,  
    Imperishably fine, —  
Ford, Fletcher, Webster, Beaumont, Ben,  
    And Shakespeare the divine, —  
Have you no place to do me grace?  
    Where men do not forget  
How in an earlier, happier time  
    Such love on me was set?  
Once I gave joy and grace to life,  
    To valor, best renown;  
Now will not one poor worshiper  
    My flameless altars crown?"

She ceased. The little runnel purled  
 In music at our feet;  
 And all the sombre wood was hushed  
 To hear its chiming sweet.  
 Fain would I comfort to her give,  
 And sudden in my head  
 Sprang a quick thought. I seized her hand,  
 As eagerly I said:

“Goddess, one place forgets thee not;  
 There yet thine altars flame.  
 The Tavern Club is faithful still,  
 And guards thine ancient fame.  
 Thine art still there hath reverence;  
 There yet the lyre rings.  
 Thou art not voiceless while for thee  
 Melodious ALDRICH sings!”

ARLO BATES.

TO B. P.

A "HELLION" VERSE

"Literary Night," February 24, 1903.

OH, Perry, in our hours of ease  
We send you verses — worse than these;  
When backward flows the Atlantic tide,  
'T is just a case of Bliss Denied.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

## A SONG

By Musicus, winner of Prize in Song Competition,  
February 24, 1903.

HERE's to the Bear who abides in his lair,  
His castle, his club and his cavern;  
Of his warm, shaggy hair may he never go bare,  
Here's a hug for the Bear in the Tavern!

Here's to the Prex whom no hellion can vex;  
And here's to the chair he has sat in;  
Here's to the speech that its lesson will teach,  
And here's to his lungs and his Latin!

### CHORUS

Of his warm, shaggy hair may he never go bare!  
Here's a hug for the *Prex* in the Tavern!

Here's to our guest in a glass of the best,  
To prove him the warmth of our greeting!  
Once for his health, once again for his wealth,  
Once more for the joy of this meeting!

### CHORUS

Of his warm, shaggy hair may he never go bare!  
Here's a hug for the *Guest* in the Tavern!

Here's to the Club that's the light of the Hub,  
And all who turned out to invent it!  
Let the red drink hard to the green-ribbon guard,  
Till the green and the red repent it!

## CHORUS

Of its warm, shaggy hair may it never go bare!  
Here's a hug for the *Club* in the Tavern!

THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN.

## THE MUSKETEERS

Verses read at the Tavern Club, December 4, 1903.

THE Musketeers are here again;  
Three gladsome Gallic gentlemen.  
Here's Athos with the poet's glance,  
Here's Porthos with the portly paunch,  
And Aramis, who somehow strayed,  
But comes to-night to claim his blade,  
And sit once more with this dear crowd,  
By whose kind vote it is allowed.

Gallic are we in pulse and brain,  
For we were nourished on champagne;  
Whose bubbling vintage when man's dry  
Lifts him in zigzags to the sky.  
But though we love the last safe drop,  
We always know just when to stop,  
And tottering "hellions" see us stand  
Staunch as a lighthouse far from land.  
Our province has been to protect  
The Tavern's proper self-respect,  
Yet keep the note of gayety  
At just that fascinating key  
When men can tumble into bed  
And still remember what they've said.

In these old halls enlarged and decked  
Our charge shall still be to protect  
The heaven-born poet as he sings,  
The minstrel when he stirs the strings;  
And yet give mirth full elbow room.  
We are the enemies of gloom.  
So Arlo's soul may sport in peace  
Perched on an ample mantel-piece.  
So nonsense voiced by joyous men  
Shall make the tired brain young again.

And you, Sir, sitting in the chair  
Our D'Artagnan and Captain are,  
Though D'Artagnan was but a "gent"  
Compared with what you represent.  
What model for old Dumas' pen,  
Had you been born and doing then!

As Taverners and Musketeers  
We now renew the pledge of years.  
With ranks unbroken here we stand  
With sword and cup in either hand.  
Our blades are made of flawless steel,  
We slake our thirsts but never reel,  
Our hearts are true, our faith we swear  
To Art, to Friendship and the Bear!

ROBERT GRANT.

## GLITHA'S SONG

From "The Vanished Bride," December 22, 1903.

IN days long dead there lived a Knight,  
In old Mortaine, whose clouded sight  
Revealed not to him, day or night,  
    The face of her whose soul he loved.

And though he heard the singing call  
Of maid to man through every hall  
In gay Mortaine, no song at all  
    Heard he of hers whose songs he loved.

Yet had he faith that made the air  
Of strange Mortaine alive with fair  
Brave visions strengthening him to dare  
    Great deeds for her whose strength he loved.

Wherefore with dragon-shapes that flew  
And crawled and crept and rose anew  
To slay the Knight, he fought and slew  
    Each one, for her whose heart he loved.

And lo, the dragon-shapes once slain,  
The Knight, rejoicing, heard the strain  
Of lutes, and saw her face again

Whose song and heart and soul he loved.

HENRY COPLEY GREENE

## TO OWEN WISTER

A "Hellion" Verse, January 15, 1904.

ABOUT your novel, *The Virginian*,  
There seems to be but one opinion;  
As near as we can make it, Mr.,  
There's lots of money *Owin' Wr.!*

FRANCIS SHAW STURGIS.

## ON STAGING A PLAY BY B. W.

“WE BOSTONIANS:” January 15, 1904.

A “Hellion” Verse.

BARRETT wrote a little play  
Whose plot was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Barrett played  
The play was sure to “go.”

FRANCIS SHAW STURGIS.

## TO THE TAVERNERS

With a present of champagne on the occasion of the dinner  
to Perrier Jouet, February 3, 1904.

BROTHERS in Tavern, you have willed  
A sparkling guest to entertain;  
And as you sit with glasses filled  
O hear an absentee complain:  
Pity, my brothers, his sore plight  
That may not dine with you to-night.  
His spirit and his heart are sore,  
His fortune like his wine is *brute*:  
But they that cannot go to war  
Make haste to send a substitute;  
For his dull stead this foam of France  
Shall make you gain from his mischance.  
OWEN WISTER.

## LINES

Read at Dinner to Cameron Forbes, May 26, 1904.

HE'S hitched no wagon to a star;  
    He drives a constellation;  
The Southern Cross his coursers are,  
    Large deeds his destination.  
Drawn by those soft, imperial orbs  
    That never wheel in Northern skies,  
He goes, from Emerson and Forbes,  
    To make a people rich and wise.

A thousand islands wait for him;  
    The Tagalog and Moro,  
Visayans, Ygorotes grim  
    Who use the bow and arrow,  
The Macabebe, friendly soul, —  
    All wait his coming to be won  
Out of a century of dole  
    Into a thousand years of sun.

All through the archipelago  
    They'll lay aside the bolo  
Whenever they shall come to know  
    That Cam's advancing solo.

He'll keep them guileless of our worst  
 And teach them all our best — like Taft —  
 And shield them from one word, the curst  
 New coinage of our language — Graft.

Let others build a great canal,  
 Pick up the French dropped stitches;  
 Our Cam does something less banal  
 Than merely digging ditches.  
 That railways now may loop the heights  
 Where lurked the brutal ambushade,  
 That hospitals may rise on sites  
 Where mercy shrank till now afraid,

We send our football strategist,  
 Our comrade and good fellow.  
 And though among white men he's missed,  
 He's good for brown and yellow.  
 And when the years bring back to us  
 The same Cam, only older,  
 We Taverners, from Dick to Gus,  
 Will dine him, shoulder to shoulder.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

## LINES

At Dinner to Cameron Forbes, May 26, 1904.

To the East, to the East! Some can hear nothing  
else

Than the tinkling call of the old temple bells;  
But a voice, like a memory waked from the past,  
Calls to him, him alone, "You are coming at  
last,

For the blood of your fathers, still warm at the  
heart,

Leaps free at the Orient cry to depart!"

One grandsire heeded the same searching cry  
When the flags at his mast-tops were wonted to  
fly

Over cargoes of sweet-scented wares from the  
land

Of magic and mystery, bound for the strand  
Where all that he ventured forth bore him again  
Tenfold in the wealth and the wisdom of men.

Another — that sage of New England, whose  
name

Needs not to be spoken, so sure is his fame—

Cruised wide through the Eastern dominions of  
 thought,  
 And home for our treasure his argosies brought,  
 Enlarging the spirit, enabling the man  
 When "thou must" is the order, to whisper "I  
 can."

See them both in the darkness of war's bitter  
 hour,  
 Full-armed with the weapons of wisdom and  
 power —  
 One counseling greatly with rulers perplexed  
 Over soldiers, and sinews, and what to do next;  
 One lifting the heart of the people with song,  
 And girding the right still to conquer the wrong.

What wonder then, Cam, that you turn from our  
 feast  
 And journey afar to your grandfathers' East,  
 Where a patriot's mission of mercy awaits  
 Your part in its doing? Oh fortunate fates —  
 Now the isles of the East shall account them-  
 selves blest  
 That young Cameron Forbes is come out of the  
 West!

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

## SONNET

For the Twentieth Anniversary, November 11, 1904.

GRIEVED for lost Youth, who not for prayers  
    would stay,  
But mocking with light laughter, her fair head  
Gold-aureoled with her sunny hair, had fled  
Like some wild dryad down a woodland way,  
Taking the cheer and brightness of my day, —  
I walked beside grim beldam Age instead;  
Till happy chance up to the Tavern led:  
And here with joy I found once more my may,  
Here where the man speaks with the boy's frank  
    tongue;  
Laughs the lad's laugh, catches youth's wine-  
    foam jest;  
Where stiffened throats supple in blithesome  
    song,  
And lips white-bearded yet in smiles are young;  
Here, where, though heads be gray, we find the  
    zest  
And mirth that to immortal youth belong.

ARLO BATES.

## VERSES

Read at the Dinner on the Twentieth Anniversary,  
November 11, 1904.

TWENTY years of bread and fizz,  
Clever stunts and honest mirth!  
Twenty happy years it is  
Since the moment of our birth.  
Whiskered men to-night we sit,  
Saving Arlo who has shaved,  
Well because we've welcomed wit,  
Young because we've misbehaved.

Surgeons brilliant with the knife  
Capering like pantaloons,  
Leaders of litigious strife  
Howling songs in many tunes,  
Artists hungry after fame  
Popping champagne corks at care,  
These and more whom I could name  
Are the followers of the Bear.

Ever to be serious  
Indicates the tedious mind.  
Usefulness is labor plus  
Joy of a relaxing kind.

Those who deign not to unbend  
To the follies of their peers  
Rust out lonely to the end.  
We shall live a thousand years.

Mr. Eliot has said  
That the ashman or the clerk  
Toiling for his daily bread  
Should take pleasure in his work.  
Is there not an equal need  
That our nervous native clay  
Driven by the "hustling" creed  
Should take pleasure in its play?

Joy comes first, but art is next,  
And our A is underlined.  
Scorn of cheapness is our text,  
Reverence for the well-trained mind,  
Homage for the gifted soul  
Which keeps true unto its aim  
As the needle to the pole,  
Deaf to fashionable fame.

We have thrown some huge bouquets  
At the famous of our time.  
Sent home staggering — under bays —  
Genius from many a clime.

But the fullness of your heart  
 Aggravated by champagne  
 Never has acclaimed false art  
 Nor has crowned a shallow brain.

Fellowship comes third and last;  
 Nature's kindest gift to man,  
 Gilder of the dreamy past,  
 Henchman of time's caravan,  
 Who upon life's winding road  
 Keeps the dust of travel down,  
 Helps the wanderer with his load,  
 Balks the fly-blown cynic's frown.

Here we learn to love and serve,  
 And each spirit warms to each  
 When the barriers of reserve  
 Fall before the flood of speech.  
 As to what the psychists claim  
 Controversial folk may vary,  
 But our Dick's best hold on fame  
 Are his words, — the *dictionary*.

Joy and Art and Fellowship!  
 So we know the reason why  
 Some men when life's cables slip  
 In a tavern fain would die.

Twenty years have come and gone,  
Twenty years will pass again;  
Other doctors will be born,  
Others wielding brush and pen  
Here will sit and pledge the toast  
Dear to age and beardless youth,  
“To the Bear, our merry host,  
While we live let’s live for truth.”  
Thus each generation’s birth  
Shall attest the nearing goal,  
While the echoes of your mirth  
Bring refreshment to the soul.

ROBERT GRANT.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

Tune: "*Vicar of Bray.*"

Sung by John Sturgis Codman at the Twentieth Anniversary  
Dinner, November 11, 1904.

WHEN first our brotherhood began,  
In days of ancient fable,  
They looked about for just the man  
To sit at the head of the table;  
They spied him out with foresight keen,  
Who'd make all men his debtors,  
And seated Howells — William Dean —  
The Dean of Yankee letters.

CHORUS: Then bless the Bear  
That guards the Chair  
At the Hub within the Hub, sir!  
My purpose still  
I will fulfill  
And die in the Tavern Club, sir!

Next came a Colonel to command  
The Boylston Place battalions;  
He guided well the noisy band  
Of gentlemen rascallions.

In peace and war, to all the arts  
 He held the magic key, sir,  
 The key that opens kindred hearts —  
 Did Colonel Henry Lee, sir!

CHORUS.

To Deans and Colonels now farewell,  
 And hail to their successor!  
 From out his academic cell  
 Steps forth a loved professor,  
 Of golden heart and golden tongue, —  
 A gold the market 's short on, —  
 The Cambridge Grecian, ever young,  
 Our own Charles Eliot Norton.

CHORUS.

Now he whose joy it is to enrich  
 Both sides of Boston's river  
 Adorns our presidential niche —  
 'T is Higginson, the Giver.  
 But titles new he needs them not,  
 He'd scorn them all, I wager;  
 Yet never here shall be forgot  
 The Bear's — the Ursa's — Major.

CHORUS.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

## EPILOGUE

The Christmas Play, December 23, 1904.

NOTE you this, — we looked to-night  
To the Bear for our delight;  
He, 't was said, would rule the sport,  
Lead the revels at his court,  
Show the members, young and old,  
Tavern antics manifold.  
Yet if I remember true,  
This is what he did not do;  
'T was the members — you and you —  
Showed the Bear a thing or two;  
His may be the Tavern's body,  
Yours the spirit, Paul and Waddy,  
Holker, Gericke, and Sturgis —  
You provide the true Walpurgis  
Night or day-time in the Tavern!  
Shall we grudge him, then, his cavern?  
If the cubs outgrow the Bear,  
Shall he lose their love and care?  
Nay, a thousand times, nay, nay!  
May he dwell with us for aye —  
Emblem of the best that's here,  
Honest, big, without a fear,

Rough without, and snug within,  
Loyal to his kith and kin!  
Hand in hand, then, heart by heart,  
Up, my brothers, ere we part!  
He shall lead our ancient song,  
Rendered in a Bearish tongue:

“ ’Tis my purpose here to die  
In the Tavern, where the dry  
Still may find whereof to sip  
Opposite the thirsting lip,  
That the angel chorus may,  
While it wafts me heavenward, say  
‘ Crown, oh Lord, with approbations  
This good friend of all potations.’ ”

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

## VALENTINE

February 14, 1905.

“LET THE HILLS BE JOYFUL TOGETHER.”

WHEN to write you have the will,  
Take a dose of Adams Hill.

If 'twixt “shall” and “will” you stick,  
Try page forty, — Rhetoric.

If you 'd flash with verbal prisms,  
Mind page thirty, — “Solecisms.”

If “colloquial” is your size,  
Dissect Hill's “Improprieties.”

For every form of vulgar ill,  
Deliverance lurks in Doctor Hill.

If you court the law's delay,  
Arthur Hill will stop the way.

If you need a “Lawyer's Night,”  
Arthur Hill will set you right.

When you 're clubbed by the police,  
Arthur Hill will bring surcease.

So you shall, where'er you roam,  
Fondly seek the Hills of home.

“Copp's Hill.”

THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN.

## VALENTINE

(TO P. T.)

February 14, 1905.

WHEN Paul draws near the Belvidere  
In Robinson's Museum,  
In one another's marble ear  
The statues whisper, "See him!"  
And Venus wakes upon her shelf  
And tries hotfoot to follow,  
And Satyr chuckles to himself  
When Paul appals Apollo.  
ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

## TO BOOKER WASHINGTON

Lines read at the dinner in his honor, March 15, 1905.

BORN of a race enslaved, despised, and taunted,  
Quick in the burning bush God's voice to know,  
Before the king the prophet stood undaunted.  
"The Lord hath spoken: 'Let my people go!'"

In cloud and fire Jehovah moved before him;  
He stretched his hand above the waters' bed;  
Through cleaving waves the God of Israel bore  
him  
Where Pharaoh's mighty chariots sank as lead.

Three thousand years. A freeborn nation's  
morning  
Was black with gathering thunder-clouds of woe;  
Once more unheeded rang the prophet's warn-  
ing, —  
"The Lord hath spoken: 'Let my people go!'"

The God of Hosts our stubborn hearts con-  
founded;  
He smote the waters with avenging hand.  
High in the heavens Jehovah's trumpet sounded,  
And the red sea rolled wide across the land.

On Horeb still the bush of God is burning;  
 Still in the smoke and flame his sign we know,  
 Still cries the prophet, from the mount returning,  
 "The Lord hath spoken: 'Let my people go!'

" 'My people, bound in darkness and in terror.  
 My people, childlike, trustful, patient, slow,  
 Yearning for light, yet groping long in error —  
 Children of Freedom, let my people go!'"

Stretch forth thine hand, O prophet giant-  
 hearted,

Divide the waters of the rolling sea.

Lead thou thine host betwixt the billows parted,  
 Till black shall stand with white, erect and free.

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS.

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